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SEPTEMBER 1935

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THE LEHIGH REVIEW

September, 1935

Vol. IX

No. 1

A magazine devoted to the interests of Lehigh
Published by students of Lehigh University

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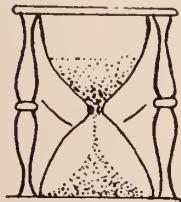
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One of the Freshmen, bless his little heart, was bearing up rather nobly under a particularly weary R. O. T. C. drill when he very inadvertently passed by the captain without saluting.

"Say, Buddy," said the captain, with characteristic sweetness, "do you see the uniform I'm wearing?"

"Yeah," said the rookie, looking at the captain's almost immaculate uniform, "look at the damn thing they gave me."

—Boston Bean Pot



They tell a tale
with much relish
and zest
of the Lehigh prof
who drove to Phila.
with his wife,
parked his car
on Chestnut St.,
walked to a shop,
came out
a while later,
and took a train back
to Bethlehem.

When he got home,
he looked into
the garage
and,
finding his car missing,
reported it
stolen.

**OUR ENGINEERS**

The English instructor and the Engineering professor were dining together. During the course of the meal the former spoke:

"I had a peculiar answer in class today. I asked who wrote The Merchant of Venice, and a pretty little Freshman girl said: 'Please, sir, it wasn't me'."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Engineering prof., "and I suppose the little vixen had done it all the time."

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Reporter (to visiting Frenchman): And why do you visit this country, duke?

Duke: I weesh to veesit the famous Mrs. Beach, who had so many sons in France during the war.

—*Exchange*

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Preacher: "Young man, don't you know you will ruin your stomach by drinking?"

Inebriate: "Oh, thash all right; it won't show with my coat on."

—*Yellow Jacket*

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—Red Cat



Joe! Make that cat stop dragging its feet!

"Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."
"And I, sir, am not willing to trade."

—Exchange

"How did you get that cut on your face?"
"Hie—musta—hie—bit myself."
"Gwan. How could you bite yourself up there?"
"Musta have stood on a chair."

—Ranger

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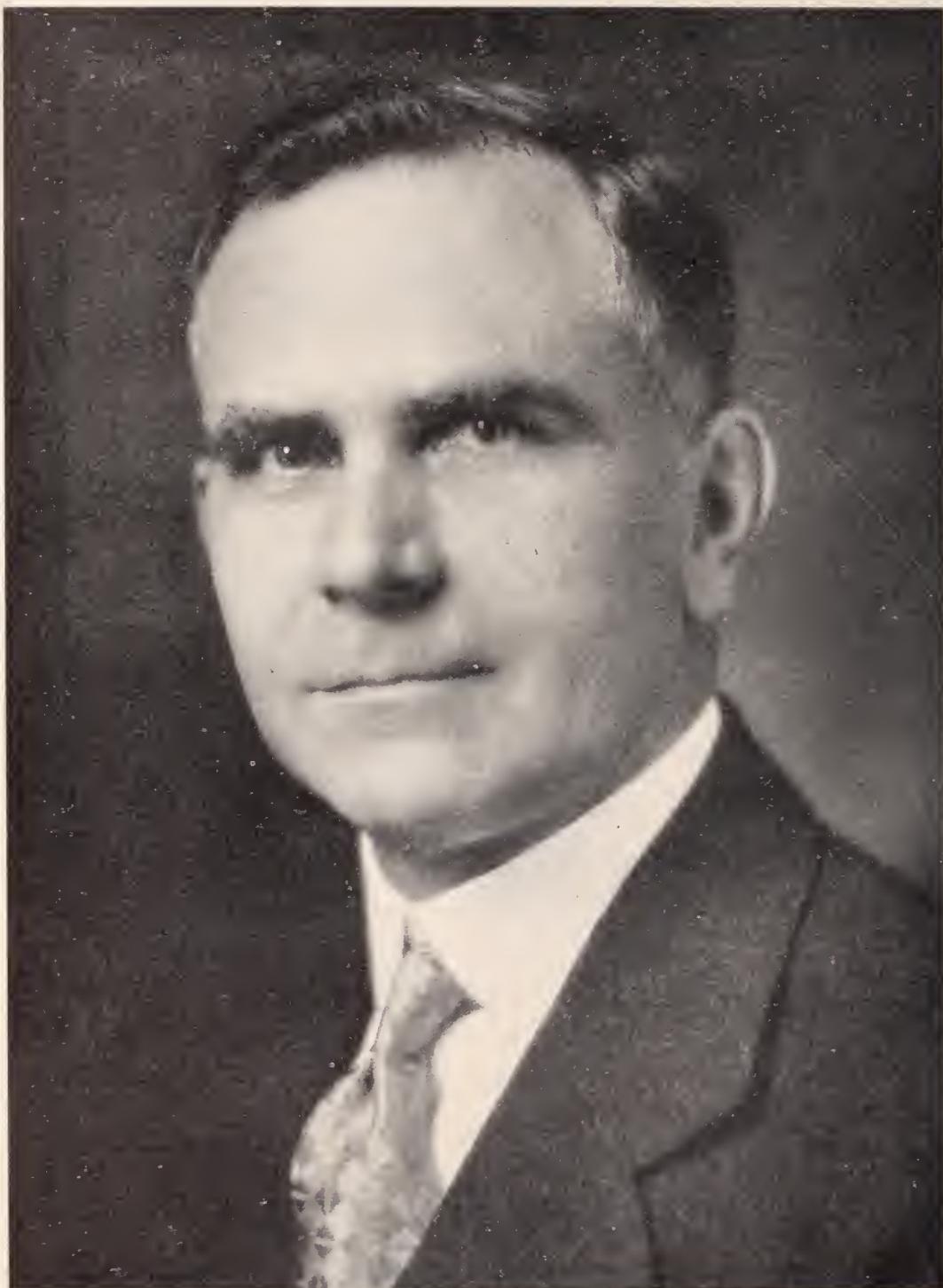
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DR. CLEMENT C. WILLIAMS

Lehigh's New President

Meet Dr. Clement C. Williams. On October first he will become our new president. Although not a Lehigh man by education, he is one in spirit and he is bound to become one by adoption. A man who more completely represents all that is best in Lehigh tradition, you have never met. A casual acquaintance will not suffice; you will want to know him much better — this warm, pleasant mannered middle westerner.

He's not yet ready to talk of his plans for Lehigh's future welfare, though he has many. He was notified of his election by the board of trustees only last week and is still very busy becoming familiar with his new field of endeavor. He has visited nearly every leading college in the country but, like a true son of Brown and White, still thinks Lehigh's grounds the most beautiful.

You will be impressed by his ready friendliness. His conversation flows gracefully and is enriched by a wealth of anecdote. You cannot help feeling that here is a man who will be more "prexy" than president.

When you read this, Dr. Williams will be far off in Iowa preparing to bring his wife and three children back to Bethlehem. His only regret is that but one of these will be Lehigh material. The other two are girls.

How to Live on 24 Hours a Day---In College

A Suggestion for Freshmen

by DEAN C. M. McCONN



DEAN McCONN

ARNOLD BENNETT wrote years ago a lively and useful little book called "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day." You will find it in the University Library, and it is well worth reading.

The problem which Bennett discusses in that volume — that of getting into one's available time all the things one needs and wants to do — is particularly complicated in college, and by the time a freshman has been on this campus long enough to have subscribed to THE

LEHIGH REVIEW he is probably beginning to realize that fact.

He may, indeed, be feeling somewhat overwhelmed. He knows he has a heavy program of studies ahead of him; there are probably at least one or two extra-curricular activities in which he wishes to participate and should participate; he will need some general recreation, movies, dances, and the like; I hope he wants to do some general reading outside of class assignments; he has promised to write home once a week; and he must eat and sleep. Can all these things be done?

They are successfully accomplished, all of them and more, including sometimes outside work to earn money, by a good many students, who have learned to avoid dawdling, to concentrate, to fit things in efficiently, to work hard when they work and play hard when they play.

In general a freshman, who has probably been living at a somewhat slower pace, will have to learn this lesson, this swifter tempo, by the process of trial and error. But there is one recognized method of making the trials more effective and the errors less costly, namely, by deliberately and consciously planning a Time Schedule.

Accordingly, the University prints and distributes a Time Schedule Card for this purpose. It will be offered to you in Packer Hall at Registration. After Registration copies can be had at the Dean's Office or the Registrar's Office. I think every freshman should take about three of these cards, and should make out a first tentative Time Schedule for himself over the week-end following the first three days of classes. He will probably want to revise this first plan more or less drastically after one week of trying it, and very likely he may need to make further adjustments later.

I give herewith a copy of this Time Schedule Card filled out to show the plans of a particular hypothetical

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The Engineer Boys in the Mountains

or

Workers Arise — — Here Comes the Prof.

by W. P. FAIRBANKS

O'er the mountains, laurel adorned
Warm in the sunny summer morn

The clustered homes of Canadensis stand
Surrounded by hills and rocky land

Old frame houses, ivy-entwined,
Mingle with fir trees, laurel and pine

Fair as the Garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the wondering Freshman horde
On that pleasant morn of June the Third
When Lehigh took Canadensis

John Greenleaf Fairbanks

Transits to the right of them
Levels to the left of them
Follies and blunders.

The class of about one hundred and fifty was housed in the five palatial hotels in and about Canadensis, the garden spot of the Poconos. For a while, there was a rumor that one of the hotels had hot water. The rumor was squelched, however, when a fire was discovered in the basement near the water pipes. One of the hotels was outstanding for its food. One was outstanding for its comfortable beds. Some were just about standing. Nevertheless, the facilities compared favorably with those of most present-day civil engineers, so you can see that the course leaves no phase of the surveyor's work untouched.

Classes started with disgusting punctuality every
continued on page 20



Believe it or not, professor, but we're diving for a transit.

A One Man Rebellion

by AN EX-FRESHMAN

THE night began innocently. I had just finished three problems in freshman mechanics, had two answers correct, and was feeling at peace with Life and the World. Sitting in a comfortable chair, Lamb's Essays in my hand, I desired nothing but to be left alone — alone to listen to the wind outside and absorb the lazy warmth radiating from the log fire at my side — alone to forget the cheerless Bethlehem January in dreamy escapade with the inimitable Lamb and his nostalgic "Dream Children." It was past ten o'clock. The other freshmen were upstairs — where all good freshmen should be — studying. The upperclassmen were where our upperclassmen usually were — at the movies or around the corner drinking sharp pre-Repeal beer. I felt as if I alone were carrying on the calm tradition of cultured ease.

Just as I was becoming saturated with the kindly heat, a gust of air and a burst of hard incandescence bore not mute evidence that some of the Brothers were back. Shaking off my mood of soft-lighted reverie, I prepared to meet the onslaught of the barbarian. The action was as correct as it was instinctive. No sooner had they discarded their damp outer garments than they began that conversation of smirking innuendo that typifies a certain aspect of the pledge-frater relationship.

"Cy," began Nat, with a mocking smile in my direction, "how would you like a nice, hot, juicy hamburger?" He fondled the words "nice," "hot," "juicy" lovingly.

"Well," replied Cy, "I'd like one fine, but how are we going to get them, I wouldn't send a dog out on a night like this." And he leered at me.

"Oh, that's all right," continued Nat, and I began to harden inside for he and Cy and I and everyone else knew what was coming, "that's all right," he said, "Jerry'd be glad to go, wouldn't you Jerry?" He looked at me laughingly. "Frosh rush in where canines fear to tread. Sure, Jerry's a gallant lad. You'll go, won't you Jerry?" As I sat and said nothing, he repeated more harshly, "Won't you?"

Now at any other time I wouldn't have cared particularly. I would



have submitted in the approved freshman manner. But to be wrenched out of a comfortable chair and a friendly book, to be sent out into the wind and snow of a miserable night — just to satisfy the whim of a beer-filled business senior — that was too much. But too much, or too little, or just enough, I had to go; and I went grudgingly, but with murder in my heart.

Walking down the foggy street, sloshing through the slush of Delaware Avenue, the idea of revenge was pleasant. At the little joint on Seneca Street, where hamburgers are concocted on a steaming stove (so steaming, in fact, that your glasses become fogged as you enter), I met a companion in anguish — a freshman from another house sent over for practically the same purpose. We discussed our mutual troubles, then played innumerable games of tit-tat-toe until enough time to infuriate the waiting brothers had passed. Then I asked "Pop" to let me cook the sandwiches myself. Since he had no strong objections, I took the unhealthy looking paddies, made pouches in their centers, filled the cavities with strong red pepper, and fried. When I had finished, "Pop," half-laughing, half-frightened, shoved them into a bag and I was soon back at the house.

I had been gone three-quarters of an hour and the brothers were furious. But fury was good humor itself compared to their state a few minutes later. I resumed my reading innocently, until Nat bit into the red pepper core of his repast. He opened his mouth and gasped. Then tears came to his eyes as he shrieked, "Why you damn freshman you!" He gulped for breath, "I'll break your backside for this." Cy looked on and roared at the way Nat was trying to shout and catch his breath at the same time. Then he took a bite and on his face appeared the same distressed, surprised look. The sight of the two of them struggling for air was too much for me, and I burst out into great shouts of laughter as they raged and fumed and threatened. Bristling angry, they sent me up to bed. I must have fallen asleep smiling, for they told me some time later that I looked singularly happy when they entered my room at two o'clock that morning.

I was awakened rudely and told to

dress — quickly and warmly. Shivering, I closed the three windows of my room and put on every piece of clothing in sight. I knew by that stage of my pledgeship that "warmly" was a kindly tip and it was better to overshoot the mark than to fall short. So, when I appeared before the inquisitorial board in the living room, I was a veritable mountain of miscellaneous attire—from the great pair of heavy galoshes to a smothering muffler and a big, black fur hat that had belonged to my father in the days when winters were really cold.

With a command, "wipe the smile off," the masters of my fate began. I was stripped of all my money; bawled out smartly; and told to go to Allentown, get a ham and egg sandwich, and bring it back hot—with emphasis on the last specification. Then they led me to the door, lifted my heavy overcoat and gave me three sharp swats on the posterior. The farewell, however, passed unfelt by virtue of two pairs of heavy trousers.

Out in the bitter coldness of the night, I reviewed the details of my mission. "Go to Allentown" . . . I was broke, it was snowing, and Allentown was six miles away . . . "get a ham and egg sandwich" . . . even if I could get to Allentown, I had no money . . . "and bring it back hot" . . . this was the last straw . . . suppose I reached Allentown, somehow got a sandwich, how in heaven's name could I "bring it back hot?" How, ho-o-o-w? But of course—there was the head-of-the-house's car.

After a discreet period, I sneaked into the house through the back door. Motive: to get the car key. I still had no idea how I was to pass the gauntlet of intervening rooms without being seen, when I upset an ash-tray-covered card table and had my problem solved for me. Like materializations from out of the night frat-



ers rose to surround me, grasped me tightly by the arms—as if I wanted to escape—and push me roughly up the stairs. They thrust me into a bathroom while deciding what to do with me. Very fortunately the bathroom that formed my prison adjoined

the head-of-the-house's chamber. Since all the brothers were in another room, the latter was empty. It was easy to tip-toe in, quickly remove the key ring from his pants pocket, stuff it into a big fur glove,

continued on page 18

Let The Freshmen Beware

by BERNARD S. WEISS

FRESHMAN — go fraternity! It will be good for you. It will pay dividends in plain fun and good fellowship. And it will make you a social unit better fitted for the world through wide experience in close association with your fellowmen.

But be careful how you go fraternity. Choose the house whose members want the same things from life as you and are your kind. If you like plain people, find them on the campus and seek to affiliate with them. If the sophisticated type appeals to you, it may be found on the campus. If you like to call fraternities "frats," find the bunch that calls them "frats" — there are some that do.

Pick your fraternity for what it is, not what it is trying to be during rushing week. The group that acts naturally is the group to respect. It is one that you can trust. Remember that those who act their lives have so little within that they must pretend to more.

Judge the fraternity by what it is at the moment and what it promises to be in the near future, not by what it was last year or the year before. Its national standing — usually a basis for false pride — is an unreliable criterion. The location, whether on the campus or off, matters very little. Anyone with an iota of ambition will refuse to allow a few minutes' walk each day to sway his choice. Nor will he allow the fraternity's social rating to be the prime factor in his decision. Likewise, the present and past activities list is of minor importance. True it is that those who can do things are to be admired, but an understanding of the activities game is often disillusioning. And, too, the man who spends all his time garnering personal glory may make a poor roommate.

The scholastic rating of the fraternity is a sounder standard. After all, a college is primarily an institution of learning; and a group that can offer definite evidence of serious purpose has real value. This is one concrete measure among many uncertainties. The attainment of a high average is indication of superior studying facilities; and these in turn are invaluable in the pursuit of personal success. But even this guide is not infallible, for overserious students frequently make uninspiring com-

panions. This only emphasizes the fact that general rules cannot be substituted for individual judgment.

If any fraternity is so eager to pledge you that it must offer bait in the form of "What we can do for you," beware. Reason will tell you that the ideal attitude for a fraternity to take is, "Here we are; we invite your inspection as the first step in the beginning of an acquaintance. We will seek out your likes, dislikes, and deeper qualities. If what we find promises an enduring friendship, we welcome the prospect of having you live with us." This may sound too idealistic; but it is, nevertheless, the attitude to search for.

How to pick a fraternity? Use this gauge; it will never fail. "Are these the men I would like to call brothers and introduce to my friends and relatives as such?"



Have you read Carothers' column today, Joe?

Who Killed Cock Robin?

by JUD SCHAEFFER

WHOM killed Cock Robin? The question had them all guessing, and it has them guessing yet. Cock Robin was dead. There was no doubt about it. Anyone could see the arrow sticking in his chest. Some one — mysteriously and silently — drew a bowstring, and the next thing they knew the big bird was dead.

The famous killer of the nursery rhyme must have been quite a person. He created a perfect crime — but, more important, he did it all himself, for archers' equipment has, until recently almost always been the product of the archer himself. And the fellow who shaped the bow and fletched the arrow—the one sticking in Cock Robin's chest — must have had some of the characteristics that make a man interesting.

In the first place, he was a supporter of one of the oldest of sports. The first beetle-browed caveman to shoot a pointed shaft with a bent stick tied with a strip of hide must have lived hundreds of centuries ago. The Egyptians were the first people in history to use the bow in fighting. And the English, who share some of their honors with the Japanese, Turks, and American aborigines, are probably the most famous. It was their archery that developed into the sport we know today.

"But what of it?" you say. "The bow and arrow is nothing more than a toy. The whole sport is the invention of a few people who haven't outgrown their 'cowboy and Indian' days."

A museum attendant was skeptical, too, until he saw an arrow — but it may be that the story is worth repeating.

Saxton Pope, one of the greatest of modern American archer-hunters, wanted to test the penetrating powers of a steel pointed arrow, the kind once used in warfare. He borrowed from a museum a suit of chain armor, a per-

fect specimen weighing twenty-five pounds. One of the attendants offered to put it on and allow Pope to shoot at him. The offer was refused; the armor was placed on a wood box padded with burlap to represent clothing. At a distance of seven yards the arrow hit with such force that sparks flew from the steel. The shaft went through the thickest portion of the back, through the wood box, and bulged out the other side of the armor. According to Pope, the attendant "turned a pale green."

But the scoffers are not the only enemies of the sport.

Equally disconcerting are the arm chair archers. They tell the weirdest stories of the powers of the bow. Some even claim that an arrow strikes with greater force than a bullet! Actually, under average conditions, at a distance of ten yards the arrow strikes with a force of less than thirty foot pounds; the representative bullet, with a force of three thousand foot pounds. It is evident, therefore, that the power of the bow as a weapon depends upon the cutting ability of the sharp steel blade which is the tip.

But what about archery equipment? In recent years the sport has become sufficiently popular that satisfactory equipment can be purchased — ready to use — at moderate prices. First class equipment is available from a number of excellent bowyers in this country. But the greatest pleasure — for those who can enjoy it — comes with making some or all of the equipment.

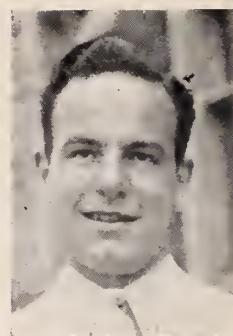
A fair-shooting bow can be made by even a beginner. Yew, osage orange and lemonwood (named for its color) are good bow woods. The beginner will immediately suggest "better" materials. There are none. Ash, hickory and red cedar have been used with mild success, but the "sweet-shooting," dependable bows are always made

continued on page 22





HOWELL SCOBAY, Phi Gamma Delta
Captain of football, captain of wrestling.
Holder of Eastern Intercollegiate Wrestling
Championship, heavyweight class. Also on
track team. Honoraries—Pi Tau Sigma and
Omicron Delta Kappa. Secretary of the lat-
ter.



BERNARD WEISS, Pi Lambda Phi
Chief of LEHIGH REVIEW. President of
Tau Beta Pi, president of International Re-
lations Club. Member of Omicron Delta
Kappa, Mustard and Cheese.



WILLIAM HUTCHINSON, Psi Upsilon
President of Mustard and Cheese by unani-
mous vote. A big splash on the swimming
team. Scabbard and Blade also boasts of his
name on its roll. Bill smokes a pipe as in-
cessantly as he smiles.



THOMAS GARIHAN, Kappa Alpha
President of Arcadia. Has earned his var-
sity L in track. President of Alpha Kappa
Psi and a member of Phi Delta Epsilon. Bus-
iness manager of Epitome for 1935-36, and
a member of Omicron Delta Kappa.



WALTER CROCKETT, Sigma Phi
President of the Interfraternity Council
and vice president of Arcadia. Walt has
made the football squad and held down the
155-pound wrestling berth for two years. As
a junior he further enlarged his collection
of letters by one for cross country.



ROBERT EICHNER, Delta Upsilon

President of the class of '36. Editor of the Epitome. Scholastic excellence earns him membership in Tau Beta Pi, Pi Mu Epsilon, and Robert W. Blake Society. Bob is, in addition, vice president of Omicron Delta Kappa.



DAVID HOPPOCK, Phi Gamma Delta

President of Honorary Leadership Fraternity, Omicron Delta Kappa. Associate editor of the REVIEW and Editorial Council Member of the Brown and White. Business manager of Mustard and Cheese. Racqueteer—on the tennis team. Member of Tau Beta Pi and Robert W. Blake Society.

W Presents ent Seniors



WALTER FINLAY, Taylor Hall

Editor-in-chief of the Brown and White for the second semester. Has already served as feature editor and editorial manager. Member REVIEW board. Honorary societies include Robert W. Blake Society, Pi Delta Epsilon, Tau Beta Pi, and Omicron Delta Kappa.



WILLIAM SMITH, Psi Upsilon

Head of the Lehigh Union. In athletics, Bill stars for the track team and will captain this year's cross country team. Also a member of Omicron Delta Kappa.

THROUGH THE EDITOR'S EYES

IRST and most important in the list of freshman regulations is this decree:

Every freshman must say "Hello" to everyone he meets on the campus and about the college.

The order is clear and unequivocal. Every freshman is to greet every person fortunate enough to be on the Lehigh campus; he is to draw no line; he is to make no distinctions. If he is a snob, he must resign his caste and exchange familiarities with every passerby. If he is a shy and unobtrusive soul, he must either shrink from the paths of men until the dink is out of season, or he must shed his timidity and wax debonair at the approach of every stranger. For some, Article One is not only fast, but very hard.

But those who suffer from Arcadia's firm and age-old rule form an inconsiderable minority of the freshman group. To most it is a welcome guarantee of the friendly spirit of Lehigh men, a spirit rooted in tradition and instilled in each new class. It is a guarantee that at Lehigh a genuine democracy does exist; it is a guarantee that lines are not drawn and distinctions are not made; it is a guarantee that to be a Lehigh student is to enter into a world-wide fraternity of extreme exclusiveness without further examination or scrutiny. It speaks a promise of four years of good comradeship and close union.

In that regard Article One is eminently worthy.

There is, however, one off-color note. The freshman, coming from a home of comparative culture, has acquired at least a rudimentary knowledge of the social conventions. He not only knows which fork to use, but he also understands how and why certain common courtesies originated. Knowing well how native to our Anglo-Saxon civilization is the custom of casual greeting, he also knows that this custom is modified by a definite

host-and-guest relationship. When he is visited by another in his home, he is quick to extend greetings to his guest, endeavoring to make him feel entirely at ease. When he visits elsewhere, he expects the same treatment.

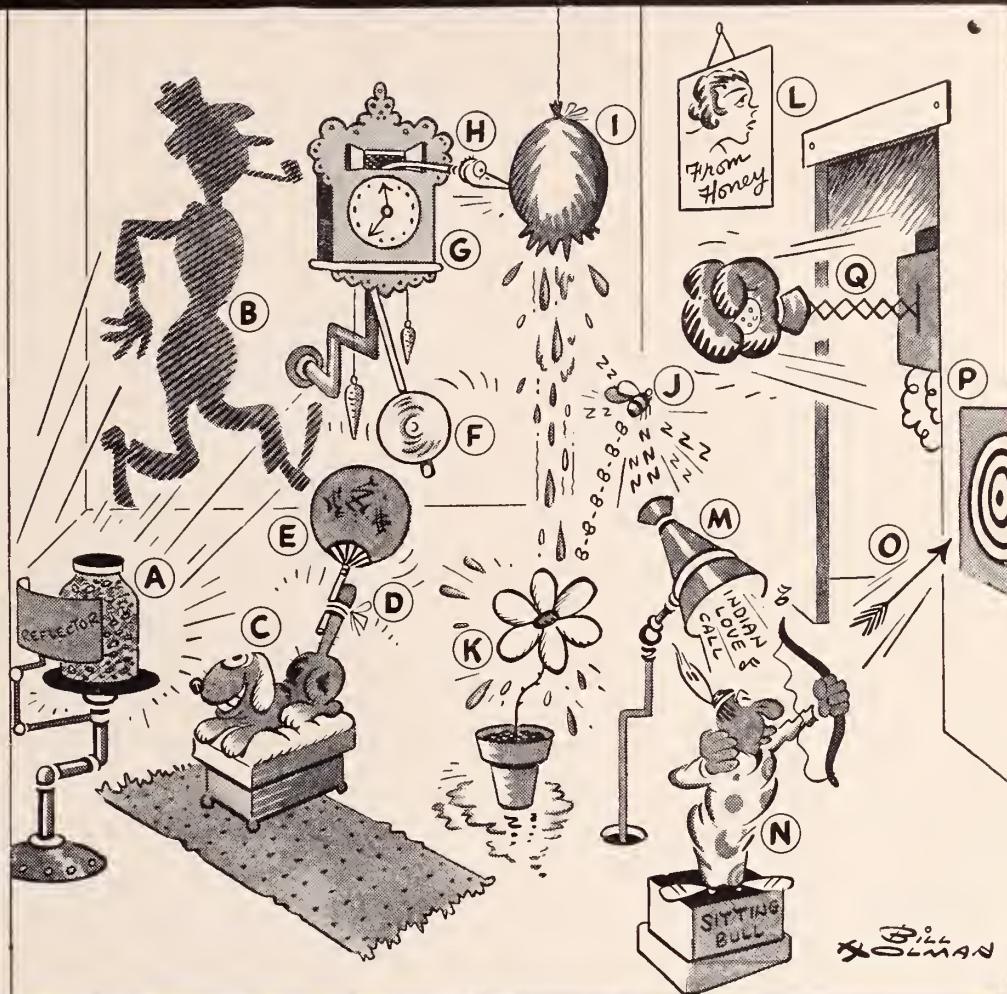
For obvious reasons, then, can any freshman, although quite willing to say "Hello" to everyone he meets on the campus, expect to be greeted first. After all, he is new to the campus and to the student body, not the upper classman. For several weeks the university forms a strange and difficult world, full of new sights and new faces. Any courtesies extended by the older residents are deeply appreciated. A cheery greeting is one of the most important, since for an upper classman to give it is easy and to forget it is a breach of good taste. That sophomores, juniors, and seniors forget to offer a "Hello" at times is lamentable but true.

What is needed, however, is not a change in Arcadia regulations but a reminder to the entire undergraduate group that only complete cooperation will make a well-intended law more than an excuse for penalties. Freshmen should remember that during the first weeks of college life they are making important impressions on more than one thousand strangers, that the Arcadia regulation is designed to help make these impressions of the highest type, and that for many generations this rule has made the freshman class a close unit in a minimum of time.

The older men, secure in their feeling of "belonging," often need more admonishment. They should not forget that although no regulation commands them to offer greetings to the new men, common courtesy does. To neglect this simple ceremony means the destruction of one of Lehigh's oldest and finest traditions.

EASY WAY TO KEEP YOUR ROOMMATE AWAY FROM YOUR EVENING CLOTHES

375 GLOWWORMS IN BOTTLE (A) THROW SHADOW OF INCOMING STUDENT (B) ON WALL WHICH CAUSES DOG (C) TO WAG TAIL (D) IN RECOGNITION CAUSING FAN (E) ON TAIL TO SET UP BREEZE WHICH MAKES PENDULUM (F) SWING FASTER BRINGING THE HANDS ON CLOCK (G) TO THE HOUR RELEASING COO COO (H) WHOSE BILL PUNCTURES BALLOON (I) WHICH DUMPS ICE WATER ON BEE (J) PERCHED ON ARTIFICIAL FLOWER (K). BEE BECOMES INDIGNANT AND MAKES B-LINE FOR HONEY (L) ON WALL. HIS HUMMING IS MAGNIFIED BY MEGAPHONE (M) INTO THE INDIAN LOVE CALL WHICH CAUSES STATUE OF SITTING BULL (N) TO STAND UP AND SHOOT ARROW (O) AT TARGET (P) ON WALL HITTING BULL'S-EYE WHICH RELEASES AN AUTOMATIC SOCKER (Q) IN CLOTHES CLOSET WHICH KNOCKS STUDENT COLD TILL THE PARTY IS OVER.



... AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

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Greenhouse Phone 17How to Live on 24 Hours a Day --
at College

continued from page 6

freshman, Roger Smith. His class engagements are printed in **bold face type**, the hours he intends to devote to study in *italics*, and his other time assignments in roman type.

It will be noted of Roger:

(1) That he is taking Engineering and is registered for eighteen semester hours, i.e., eighteen college exercises a week, including —

English, 3 recitations (with a weekly theme due on Monday);

Algebra, 3 recitations;

Chemistry, 1 lecture, 1 recitation, and 2 three-hour laboratory periods;

Mechanics, 3 recitations and 1 three-hour conference; Drawing, 2 drawing periods;

Military Science, 2 recitations and 1 two-hour drill;

Engineering Conference, 1 period;

Chapel, 7:45-8:00, Monday-Friday;

Physical Education, satisfied by participation in sport.

(2) That he allows himself *two hours* of preparation for each recitation in Algebra, Chemistry, Mechanics, and English (with three hours on Sunday evening to write his weekly theme); and one hour of preparation for each Chemistry Lab. period, for his Mechanics Conference, and for each recitation in Military Science. (His work in Drawing he should be able to complete within the scheduled drawing periods.)

(3) That he is out for some sport, to which he de-

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY — TIME SCHEDULE

| Hr. | Sunday | Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday |
|-----|---------|------------|-------------|------------|-------------|------------|-------------|
| 6 | | | | | | | |
| 7 | | Bkft.; Ch. | Bkft.; Ch. | Bkft.; Ch. | Bkft.; Ch. | Bkft.; Ch. | |
| 8 | | Drawing | Chem. Lab. | Drawing | Chem. Lab. | Eng. Con. | Bkft. |
| 9 | | Drawing | Chem. Lab. | Drawing | Chem. Lab. | Mech. Con. | Chemistry |
| 10 | | Drawing | Chem. Lab. | Drawing | Chem. Lab. | Mech. Con. | Chemistry |
| 11 | | Chemistry | Mechanics | Chemistry | Mechanics | Mech. Con. | Mechanics |
| 12 | | Lunch | Lunch | Lunch | Lunch | Lunch | Lunch |
| 1 | | Military | | Military | | | |
| 2 | | English | English | English | English | English | Sport, etc. |
| 3 | | Algebra | English | Algebra | English | Algebra | " " |
| 4 | Algebra | Drill | Sport | Sport | Sport | Sport | " " |
| 5 | Algebra | Drill | Sport | Sport | Sport | Sport | " " |
| 6 | Supper | Dinner | Dinner | Dinner | Dinner | Dinner | Dinner |
| 7 | Theme | Mechanics | Frat. Meet. | Mechanics | Course Soc. | | |
| 8 | Theme | Mechanics | Algebra | Mechanics | Course Soc. | Mechanics | |
| 9 | Theme | Chemistry | Algebra | Chemistry | Algebra | Mechanics | |
| 10 | | Military | Chemistry | Military | Algebra | | |
| 11 | | | Chemistry | | Mechanics | | |

votes the hours from four to six five days a week plus many Saturday afternoons.

(4) That he reserves the early part of Tuesday and Thursday evenings for the meetings of his fraternity and his engineering course society respectively. (Every freshman should join the course society in the field of engineering to which he is looking forward, e.g., the Chemical Society or C. E. Society or E. E. Society, etc.)

(5) That he has his Saturday evenings free for movies, dances, "bull sessions," or perhaps occasional pleasure reading.

(6) That he has a free hour from one to two daily, except on Tuesday and Thursday, for personal errands, letters, and general leeway, and some leeway also on Friday evening. If he wants to see a movie that evening, he can take care of his Mechanics preparation between seven and nine and go to the second show.

(7) That he need never stay up later than midnight and as late as that only two nights, Tuesday and Thursday; on the other five nights he can be in bed by eleven, and on Sunday and Friday nights by ten, if he chooses.

(8) That he accomplishes this chiefly *by using the free hours within his day-time working day* (8-12 a. m. and 2-4 p. m.) — note the English study periods on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons and the Chemistry study period on Saturday morning, — and *by getting down to work promptly after dinner*. Many students fail to do these two things; they fritter away their free daytime hours and dawdle an extra hour or two after dinner, and take these losses out in poorly prepared work or short nights or both.

(9) That he has been judicious in two details: (a) in putting his English study periods on Tuesday and Thursday in the afternoons, since some of this work must be done in the Library, which can be reached with the least waste motion when he is on the campus anyway; and (b) in putting first in his evening study periods those subjects which he finds the hardest and which he should therefore tackle while he is fresh, namely, Mechanics and Algebra.

I hope this illustration may serve to show both the value of a Time Schedule and how one should be made out.

Of course no such Schedule will ever work one hundred per cent. Lesson assignments vary considerably; sometimes the student may need three hours or even four instead of two; at other times one hour may be ample. And all sorts of extra things will come up which it will be impossible or undesirable to avoid. This timetable, like that of a railroad, must be subject to change without notice, *for good reason*. Nevertheless, having such a Time Schedule, which in general he is working by, is likely to stabilize a student's program and save him countless hours which otherwise will just slip away from him, with nothing to show for them in either profit or pleasure.

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A One Man Rebellion

continued from page 9

and wait patiently for the verdict. When it came, it was disgustingly lacking in originality — I had still to go to Allentown, get a ham and egg sandwich, and bring it back hot. They still emphasized "hot."

Again I waited in the cold until those in the house resumed their disturbed slumbers. I thought one turn around the block would be enough; so I circumnavigated the square, smoking a cigarette the while, then quickly backed the car out of the garage and drove around to the front of the house. There I stopped, blew the horn loudly until practically all the lights on the second and third floors flashed on. Then, when heads appeared from most of the windows, I showed the sleepy upperclassmen my face, fingered my nose at the lot of them, and sped off toward Allentown and adventure. Later in the evening I had cause to rue this action, but at the time it gave me infinite delight. In fact, despite subsequent developments, I'm not sure that I wouldn't repeat the gesture if

I had the night to live over again.

I soon found myself parked outside the Crystal restaurant at three-fifteen a. m. with a sandwich to get and not a penny to get it with. I con-



fess that I was stopped. The momentum of the night was, however, great enough to carry me on, and I adjusted my hat at what appeared to me an especially tough angle and strode into the cafe.

A rather sad looking little chap came forward to wait on me. I said nothing for a minute or two. He appeared to become uneasy under the silence for the bulky clothing I had on exaggerated my height and

weight. When I had impressed him sufficiently I spoke my best imitation of the irrefutable manner:

"There are five things I'd like you to do. First, get a ham and egg sandwich; second, wrap it up to keep it hot; third, make out a signed slip to show that I've been here; fourth, charge to Mr. Miller of Lehigh; and, fifth, give me a cup of coffee and some rolls. Charge that too!"

The little fellow said not a word, looked at me a bit unhappily, uncertainly; then turned and padded back to the kitchen. After several minutes he reappeared with a warm white package, the autographed slip, and a cup of hot coffee. As soon as I finished the latter, I rose, thanked the man (who still hadn't said a word), stuffed the package into my warm fur hat, and started back for Bethlehem.

Coming in I had taken the back road, having had no desire for bright lights of policemen, but on the return trip (fortified with good coffee, warm rolls, and the awe of the restaurant attendant) I drove boldly down Broad Street and across the

bridge to the South Side. I passed two motorcycle policemen on the bridge, but they were going the other way and I paid no attention to them. But, apparently, they failed to feel the snub for when I slowed up for the icy Theta Xi turn, a whistle and a look at the mirror told me I was being stopped.

In a little time I learned that the car had been reported stolen. I was taken to the police station on Third Street above the Market House. There, after a phone call during which the brothers denied ever having heard of me, I decided to accept the hospitality of the establishment and was escorted to my room. When the door was locked I unloosened belts and laces, lay me down on the cozy oaken bench, and dropped off immediately into the drugged sleep of the very weary.

Though when I woke I was cold, stiff, and damp, I couldn't find it in me to drink the murky black fluid that passed for coffee or eat the two salami sandwiches that were provided for breakfast. Instead I started a



conversation with the neighbor on my left (an Italian gentleman detained for beating his mother) but gave it up, and had resigned myself to waiting when the warden appeared. He—still greets me when we pass—asked me my fraternity and, when I told him, amused me with the police records of some of our alumni (a group with whom he was distressingly familiar) until Fred Trafford arrived at nine o'clock.

Mr. Trafford, the chief, sent for

me, listened almost smilingly to my tale, then shipped me off to my chemistry lab with instructions to return later in the day with the chap whose car I'd borrowed. Such trust was most flattering, but they did keep the key to the automobile.

* * *

When Lewis and I appeared at the police office at four that afternoon, Mr. Trafford seemed loathe to mar the sequence of events with anything ordinary. So, instead of reprimanding me, he gave the owner of the car all kinds of hell for sending a freshman on such a fool errand. Ignoring Lewis' astounded protestations, he advised me in all seriousness to overlook (in the future) all such commands from upperclassmen. It was fully thirty years since Fred Trafford had been a freshman and he spoke with easy conviction. Then, after promising me police aid if I ever needed it again, he turned us loose.

The sandwich, still intact but no longer warm, was reheated. I ate it for lunch.

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The Engineer Boys in the Mountains

continued from page 7

morning at eight. Here again, the sagacity of the course's designer became evident in the short lecture each morning. The newcomer cannot appreciate the danger of rising from a bed and going immediately into the field when half-asleep. The lectures were followed by instruction in the use of instruments. Then, transit and rod, and away we go — over hill — down dale — merrily surveying the landscape round about. At five o'clock we drew our labors to a close or arose from a bed of laurel, as the case might be, and indulged in swimming, tennis, golf, or riding. After dinner the soft-ball devotees fought for the honor of their various hotels — that is, when the cow could be moved from the infield of the Laurel Grove Stadium. When the sun had beamed its last beam, there was very little amusement for the teetotalers. Clyde's and Brown's offered all the beer you could buy. The gigolos of the camp fought assiduously for the smiles of the local maidens. Now and then Buck Hill Inn and Skytop Lodge came through with a dance to enliven our short stay.

This course is a paradox in one's education. In one short month, one gathers a wealth of practical experience as well as an abundance of amusement. Never a day passed without some humorous occurrence. The local streams, barbed wire fences, and precipitous slopes made stooges of the most nimble and wary students. The wandering profs straightened out those who were confused and straightened up those who were reclining. The dimly lighted corridors of the hotels offered wonderful opportunities for water-fights, and clandestine clowning.

Frosh! Look forward to this experience. Not as you would to an ordinary course, but as to one from which you can and should extract a wealth of useful knowledge and a treasure of pleasant memories.



NOTE TO THE LORN

It is better not to talk,
Better far to mutely walk,
And, arms entwined, to speak with hands,
For hands are quick at epigrams.

Wise it is to shy off speech:
Never thus do hearts beseech,
But trust instead in glance of eyes
And let affection improvise.

No fools are they who words eschew;
Astuter they than I or you,
Seeing oft sweet Love's neck wrung
By ghastly slip of clumsy tongue.

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Who Killed Cock Robin

continued from page 11

from bow wood. The force necessary to bend the bow, called the "weight," averages from forty to sixty pounds for men. The bow should be slightly taller than the user, except for giants, since six feet is the standard maximum length.

Mention of the bowstring will also bring suggestions. So, before you start — the catgut you were going to ask about is absolutely out! In tests of representative strings of the same diameter catgut ranked a poor fourth in a field of six. Irish linen is the material for bowstrings. A strand the thickness of a violin "D" string breaks at twenty-eight pounds. It is surpassed only by fibers not available commercially in the form of thread. Bowstrings a quarter of an inch in diameter are usually made



with better than three hundred pounds breaking strength. It is interesting to notice that the tension on a bowstring decreases as the arrow is drawn. It increases to, and passes normal only near the end of the draw. Paradoxically and naturally, the "weight" necessary to pull the arrow backward increases gradually during the whole process. Mechanics experts can figure the tremendous strain at the moment of recoil, when the bow springs back into position.

The arrow is the most important piece of equipment. The best bow in the world will not shoot a poor arrow straight. And some mighty fine shooting has been done

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with make-shift bows and top-notch arrows. At sixty yards the error of dispersion with first class arrows is no more than six inches. This is a fairly good comparison with the one and one-half to three inch dispersion of the best modern rifles at 100 yards.

Cheap arrows for knock-about use are simple shafts of bireh. They have a steel bullet jacket tip, fletching of the customary three feathers, and a notch for the bowstring. The best quality target arrows are both "footed" and "nocked." That is, their Norway pine shafts are protected at the tip with a V-shaped jacket of wood (beefwood, lemonwood, etc.), and at the feather end with a small insert of the same material. Standard target arrows are twenty-eight inches — or less — for bows shorter than six feet. Special arrows are made different lengths and of different materials. Hunting arrows are heavier and usually made of bireh. And hunting with the bow and arrow is a subject that deserves special consideration.

The success of the bow for bagging game is well known. The widely publicized adventures of Arthur Young and Saxton Pope have proved that the bow can be used successfully against practically any game that has been shot with a gun. The archer has the advantage of shooting an almost silent weapon. The slight tang of the bowstring and the whistling of the arrow arouse an animal's curiosity but seldom cause it to bolt. The archer must, however, stalk more carefully, for the range of his weapon is not so great and his shots cannot be quite so accurate as with a rifle. But in the end his pleasure is usually greater; the skill was almost entirely his own. And some even claim there is pleasure in a missed shot; the archer really knows it was close!

Then there is target shooting. It is a great sport if you are temperamentally suited for it. Archers use a foul foot target at standard distances from forty to one hundred yards. The experts have made a science of target shooting that is trickier than rifle marksmanship. But the real sport in archery — to the fellow who does not intend to devote his life to it — comes from the various games that can be played with the bow and a few arrows. Some of the best are listed among the following:

Rovers—The oldest archery game. Targets, varying in size according to the distance, are placed on a planned course. No more than six shots are allowed at one target. The score is the number of arrows used.

Archery Golf—Small targets replace the usual cups in golf. Regular courses are often used. An interesting contest—between a good golfer and an archer—usually ends with the archer about six "strokes" better.

Clout Shooting—The forty-eight foot target is laid out on the ground one hundred and eighty yards from the shooting position.

continued on page 24

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Who Killed Cock Robin

continued from page 23

Flight Shooting—The one object is distance. Light arrows are shot from heavy bows. Much over four hundred yards is better than championship form.

Wand Shooting—A two-inch wand six and one-half feet long is set vertically at one hundred yards. The game is not quite as hard as it sounds because the archer's accuracy is mostly horizontal. With practice one hit in six shots is not too exceptional.

A game developed by the writer is still nameless. It is not advised for participants or spectators with weak hearts. Arrows are shot vertically into the air. A second player maneuvers a small cardboard carton to catch the descending arrows. The carton has no handle.

TURN TO TRIBUTE

Brows that run in crescent line
Are, indubitably, fine;
Eyes that speak a golden glamour
Smite me like a lethal hammer;
Lips whose print is burned in fire—
To such prize I might aspire.

But she I sing is another's dish,
So what's the good of fruitless wish?

Hair that swirls with graceful ease
Is certain sure this guy to please;
Limbs whose form shows toothsome curve
Will break in twain my last reserve;
Delights there are I will not mention,
Deserving more than brief attention.

Worse luck, as I have said before,
That fortune knocks not at *my* door!

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